

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church, Company, villanous company hath bene the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboue seuen times a week, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Dines that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuu*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bone-fire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket?

Enter host.

Hof. Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke, sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne, my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hof. Who? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal'd so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hof. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know you sir Iohn, you owe me mony, sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe mony here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in myne Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hof. O Iesu! I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him
playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore? I saith: must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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